Outdoor Theatricals: A New Fashion Set For Child Actors.

Just now Fashion, as fickle in her amus-ments as she is in the cut of her gown or the shape of her hat, is showing marked partiality for the open air fets or outdoor theatrical performance. The fete is equally popular whether the acting is by grovn-ups or children—though it is preferably by hildren-who are in the amateur class. The most successful of these affairs are always acted by amateurs, be it a Marie Antoinette fête, Alice in Wonderland, The Pied Piper, Little Miss Mustet or anything else in that class of production.

A stage setting of velvety lawns, flower heds and waving tree branches, the chirp-ing of birds and the fragrance of floweraden breezes tickles the esthetic sense of an audience. The overflowing coffers which always result from the sale of tickets appeal pleasantly to its practical side. For almost without exception outdoor fetes of any description are given with two-fold purpose—to entertain society and to aid some deserving charity. So far as is known they have always succeeded admirably in doing both. There is not a case on record where it has been necessary to paper the house-or rather the awn.

The open air bazaar, once a favoite money maker if not a longed-for entertainer, has been quite put in the shade by the outdoor fête. That this sort of entersinment is not the easiest in the world to manage is the only reason, it seems, why t is not given oftener. It is not enough that nature shall be generous in her stage setting and that actors and patronesses shall be willing and enthusiastic. There must be a manager-a manager who ranks higher than an amateur. Moreover, he, or she, must possess the high order of talent necessary to control a band of amateurs. It a not every professional stage manager by along way who can do that. To manage professionals and manage amateurs is a very

The amateur fête inevitably gives rise to delicate questions. There are incipient jealousies to quell, there are personal ambitions, likes and dislikes, social precedence and so on, which must be amicably adjusted if the thing is to go smoothly from first to last. Every professional manager isn't equal to all this. What is more, few hanker after the job.

Not long ago, the "Pied Piper of-Hame-lin" was given in New Rochelle on the grounds of Mrs. Leigh Hunt French, with nearly two hundred young folks in the cast. A mimic river and a make believe mountain had been added to the intural background of trees and beautifu foliage surrounding the inclosure wherethe audience

When a trumpet, promptly at 4 o'clock, announced the opening of the play, the house—the grounds rather—was sold out.

Late comers had to stand. Aid from beginning to end the story was unfolded without a hitch.

Citizens, market women, village children, and rats, the Pied Piper, the Mayor and corporation of Hamelin Town came and went and told in songs, games characteristic dances and pantomime he popular legend. Tiny boys, appropriately cos-tumed, made thrilling realistic rats, others filled successfully the rôle of chickens. With few exceptions it was the dout on any stage of every one of the small sotors and actresses. Nevertheless they acquitted themselves after a fashion which kept

the audience in their seats till the last rat had disappeared over the river bank, the last villager had strolled off the

Next week the same performance, with a different cast, is to be given on two after-noons and evenings in White Plains on the grounds of Fairlawn, the old John W. Young place. The proceeds will be turned over to the Y. M. C. A. At New Rochelle

over to the Y. M. C. A. At New Rochelle they went to a baby's nursery of which Mrs. Oliver Iselin is president.

At White Plains a dozen or more women, well known in society, sponsor the entertainment, which, like that at New Rochelle, will be managed by Miss Margaret McLaren Eager, the young woman whose name has also been connected in the same way for several years with Marie Antoinette fètes given indoors and out of doors. Miss Eager's time will be filled with this sort of work all summer long. Not only will she be managing open air fêtes till frost comes, but she has a lot of dates ahead for winter performances. She has very few competitors in the field, and she is also the adapter of the representations of most of





the legends and plays she manages.

When some one expressed surprise the other day that a business apparently so profitable and pleasant should have been taken up by so few women, Miss Eager explained:

"The business," she said, "is not by any means so easy as it looks. To take different and untrained material at every place and produce with it in a few days or weeks a finished production worth charging a good price to see has its difficulties. Not that I find it so difficult. I love my work and I have been remarkably successful in it.

"I was the first to give an outdoor production of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' That was about six years ago, at Pittsfield, Mass. Before that, though, I had given it indoors in Newton and in Boston. Then, I was the first to adapt 'Alice in Wonderland' for a children's performance. I gave this at the Waldorf-Astoria for a charity of

by request of a number of fashionable New York women about five years ago. The actors were the children of the patroneses and their friends. The year before, at the same place and for the same charity, 'The Ball of the Birds' was given at an after noon performance and a Marie Antoinette fête in the evening "In the last few years there has been a wonderful demand for out of door performances. That is in line with the craze for dining out of doors and for all sorts of outdoor games. It is so easy now to illuminate with electric lights that there is little or no trouble in giving an evening performance in a garden as well as in a house. I find it easier. The color scheme is easier to manage with artificial light, and the grown ups on the stage and in the audience look better under it than they do under the searching rays of daylight. Children, of course, look well under any sort of the fashionable or of the rich. They had much to learn and yet I

IN GOSTUME ACTORS

had great success with them. Why did I give it up?

"Well, for one thing I really could get no assistants to my liking and I could not afford to give all my time to that work alone, therefore, I garb him to match, with the result that he looks bizarre enough in the afternoon but quite picturesque at night.

"As for the actors, I much prefer working with children, Most children, I find, have more or less talent for acting and if let alone they are sure to be more natural than grown folks, and consequently more pleasing.

I started at one time a children's theater in Boston and managed it for a year. It was a pet scheme of mine, and sconer or later I believe it will taken up and carried on the success. The actors there were not the children of the fashionable or of the rich. They had much to learn and yet I was the children of the fashionable or of the rich. They had much to learn and yet I was a success with them. Why did I give it up?

"Well, for one thing I really could get no assistants to my liking and I could not success. The account of the different week and of dancing the exactly alike on account of the different in the actor there is possible. There is room for a children's theater in Jave no thing to do with choosing the law to the scene of things it can't always be the same.

"It is seldom I give the same play twice exactly alike on account of the different, then they were and they to could remained to dancing the exactly alike on account of the different, then they were and they to could remained the same play twice exactly alike on account of the different in the actor there were had not a work alone. There is room for a children's theater, I think-need for one, in fact.

"In the legend, the Pied Piper is described in the reaced of the same. The second will a meeting to do dancing the same of this exactly alike on account of the same. The second the same is a certain day and how the hildren. When I arrive on the scene things it earlies the performance, and then feel when the performance of which are

I do not, however, try to shew a child how much force to use. Then if he pitches his voice up to that distressingly high lay that children sometimes aim at when they want to be effective, I advise him to try and lower his voice, and keep at him till he does lower it, but I carefully refrain from giving him the pitch.

"For the dances I pick children who know something about dancing, for naturally there is no time to coach greenhorns.

"Strange to say, it is not the city-bred children who are the best dancers and best actors. Those who spend the greater part of the year in the country I find are far more graceful and natural in their movements and speech. As a rule, the New York child, reared in fashionable surroundings, is the least easy to coach of any perhaps for the reason that he or she is more blasé. Once when I was coaching some youngsters for a certin tableau is which I wanted them to have an eagus expectant expression as they looked to I tried this bit of conversation:

"Suppose you could have anything you anted for the asking, what would you choose?"

"No one answered, no one looked ex-

wanted for the asking, what would you choose?'

"No one answered, no one looked expectant. To help them out, I asked again; 'Would you choose a pony?' looking as I spoke at a tiny girl.

"'No,' she answered, emphatically, and in almost a disgusted tone.

"Looking at another little girl I asked, smilingly: 'A big doll?' Her answer was exactly the same, only in a more wearled tone.

tone.

"'An automobile?' I hinted to a boy.

His answer was precisely like the other

two.
"Somewhat nonplussed, I asked again:
"Can't any of you think of anything he would ask for?"
"After a pause one little voice piped

up: I think I might ask to have a good "Actually those babies were so blase that all they yearned for was the comparatively new sensation of having a good time.

cime.

"In some places, of course, I get better, more adaptable material than I do in others but no matter what sort of children I encounter I never find that I get good results from standing them up in a row and saying 'Do this thing this way' and 'Say these words the way I do.' In fact, I have no stereotyped method. I adapt my coaching to my material, even if I have to change certain scenes in my adaptation of the legend or play.

"Oh, yes, I coach the erchestra, tog that is, I conduct them at several rehearsals."

sals."

Miss Eager confessed that in this sort of work the successful manager is usually born that way.

"Before I was out of school," she said, "I helped in giving performances at Newburg in the summer. My mother was director of the conservatory of music at that place. According to her plans I was destined to be a piano teacher. I thought differently, but my knowledge of music and of dancing has been a great help in my work."

She does not look the conventional man-

THREE LETTERS TO DEAR BETTY

Disclosing a Secret Hilda Worldn't Have Her Other Friends Know for Worlds.

DEAREST BETTY: I'm sorry you can't come to us on the 18th, but I am sure Leiox is gayer. Here it is beautiful in the July weather, but hot. Not a breath of air is stirring. But it's very green and beautful and the sky has been charmingly blue and

The Allertons are coming on the 18th, and that means, of course, that Jack Brat-ford is to be with them. I wouldn't have the courage, young as I am, to break social traditions by asking Mrs. A. without Mr. Jack. Besides, he's rather jolly in his way It isn't our way but one must be very toler ant nowadays or very much alone. There are lots of people you know about here Every house in the county is full. But of course you'll come later when I will make things brighter for you. Indeed, I am not as lively now as I might be.

Co. fidentially, dear Betty, I'm feeling some wor ries that other women experience often enough to become accustomed to them. Jo and I have been so ideally happy during

wor does that other women experience often enough to become accustomed to them, by and I have been so ideally happy during our four years of marriage that the smallest thing out of the ordinary seems to me very important. If you were only here you could advise me what to do.

You remember Amdie. She was with the two years before I was married. She pretty, only a year or two older than I am and quite too attractive in every way for a maid. But she's such a good one. You must remember what a wonder his was. So I've always keep her, although older women have laughed at me and said I was running a great risk to have a maid as pretty as Amelle. I thought they were strolling in the grounds and had the slightest unesiness on account of her good looks. But perhaps I was unwise, and I began to think last week that maybe they were right as well as vulgar.

Jo told me one day he was not going town at all, but would stop at hime and go to the Country Club in the afteineon to him that out because I was tired there was at odd woman at the Storys' and I yound that out because I was tired there was at odd woman at the Storys' and I yound that out because I was tired there was at odd woman at the Storys' and I yound that out because I was tired there was at odd woman at the Storys' and I yound that out because I was tired there was at odd woman at the Storys' and I yound that out because I was tired there was at odd woman at the Storys' and I yound that out because I was tired there was at odd woman at the Storys' and I yound that out because I was tired there was at odd women at the Storys' and I yound that out because I was tired there was at odd women and had been seen wilking down toward the stables. After a while should be a subject of the stable should be

could help me if you were here, with your cool-headed, calm way of looking at things. I can't believe that Jo does not love me as much as ever, or that anybody has come between us. He was never more affectionate and loving. But what do these things mean? I am terribly unhappy and want to hear from you immediately. Do answer me right away. Your loving friend,

MON DESIR, Sept. 10. HILDA.

DEAREST BETTY—You're just the splendid, good sort I always knew you were. Your letter has taken a load off my mind. I have only time for a line to say that I'm going to take your advice, say nothing to Jo or Amélie, and wait till I know something definite before I allow myself to be unhappy. There have been no more mysterious disappearances, and Jo could not be lovelier. I'm wondering what in the world he is going to give me to-morrow. It's my birthday. Did I write you that before? With love,

MON DESIR, Sept. 16.

MON DESIR, Sept. 16.

III.

DEAREST BETTY: Once again there was a mysterious meeting in the stable. But it was the last, for I was also there. I cannot thank you enough for your good advice. I might have brought no end of trouble on myself had I acted prematurely and not waited until I was sure of my ground. Jo continued until yesterday, as he always has been since we were married, the most devoted and attentive husband. I had nearly forgotten that I had seen those two strange meetings. They had almost faded from my memory like bad dreams. The shock of realizing was so much greater when it came.

"Mon Dieu!" I heard a man's voice say,
"que f'ai fait une beties."
In his embarrassment he reached for the
electric button and flooded the room with
light. As he did so the door opened and
Amélie entered. The man in whose arms
I had passed some emotional minutes was
French, plebeian and dressed as a chauffeur.
I shuddered as I thought of my position.
Amélie was unabashed. Her coidness
seemed too erasperating. I concluded immadiataly that, whatavar happened, she

should go.

"Oh, madame," she began in French.

"Yes," said the somewhat irritated voice "Yes," said the somewhat irritated voice of Jo, who had just joined this strange quartet, "if you could only have waited until to-morrow you would have known everything, and my surprise for you would not have been spoiled. Look there."

I was dazed now, but followed with my eyes the direction in which Jo waved his hand. There in a corner of the stable stood a beautiful new motor painted snow white.

"It was for your hirthday." Jo said, taking

"It was for your birthday," Josaid, taking

white.

"It was for your birthday," Josaid, taking my arm and leading me over to inspect the machine. But I was crying then, and couldn't examine the enamel and the silver plating. I put my head on Jo's shoulder and wept for joy at the thought that I really was just as happy as I hoped.

"And Victor is the best chauffeur to be had in New York," he said, pointing to the mortified Frenchman, who looked at me as if he expected to be ordered out of the place. "It was only an accident that, like Amélie, he comes from Meudon. But it was not an accident that they have been engaged for a year, that Amélie recommended him and that they will be able to get married before very long."

Jo knew that I wanted a machine, and, perhaps, he thought I was weeping with joy over the present. You know, however, dear old Betty, why I was weeping. Jo learned it, too, so soon as we reached the house, for I told him all—except the interlude in Victor's arms. I thought I'd keep that as our secret, for just you and me and Victor—unless he tells Amélie.

The Allertons are coming to-night, and I believe I shall even enjoy them, I am so happy. I am waiting more eagerly than ever for your visit, dearest Betty, because

happy. I am waiting more eagerly than ever for your visit, dearest Betty, because but for your good advice I might have made myself more of a fool than I did. Your devoted, HILDA.

MON DESIR, Sept. 18. Solid Woods No Longer Used in Furniture.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. J. H. Williams, president of one of the largest veneer mile in the world, which turns out large quantities of the thin wood now "sed in almost all fine furniture, said that ... cays of solid furniture from any kind of wood are numbered.

He said, too, that when wood is in as large piece; as most furniture requires, it can hardly olid, because it will crack and leave fissures solid, because it will crack and leave fissures exposed to view that are unsightly, no matter how fine the piece of furniture may be. Mr. Williams says that the best makes of pianos are constructed with all the heavy lumber in layers, as many as a dozen of which are often used in making one piece of the required thickness. In recent years oak has become so scarce that it is being made into veneering almost as largely as mahogany, and Mr. Williams is buying all the oak he can secure, though on his vacation.

Injury to Teeth From Biting Thread. From the Philadelphia Record. A practising dentist says this is the season

of the year when his business is given a slight boom by the women who bite their threads. Only professional dressmakers and seam-stresses may be relied upon to eschew this practice, and all other women who make any of their own clothes are more or less addicted

of their own clothes are more or less addicted to it.

The incisors are used for the purpose, but it makes the edges of several of the front teeth as uneven as a saw, and at a time, as now, when there is much sewing on summer dresses, produces a state of affairs that no dentist can remedy with any satisfaction to himself or his patron, so that the boom is newhere welcomed. Most women, when shows the evil effects of thread biting, are herrified and make all sorts of promises of referre, but nearly all of them are back-allders.

Alligator Cap'n Herrick Lost-Real Snakes Shipwrecked-200 Foot Terror.

PENOBSCOT, Me., July 15 .- "Speaking of sea serpents," said Capt. John Herrick, who commanded a ship which carried troops to Vera Cruz in the Mexican War I've never seen one on the coast of Maine, though I have come pretty near to it several

"There was one about 1839, when the celebrated Aroostook war over the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick was raging and our soldiers were robbing all the heuneries in Maine, that I ought to know something about.

"I brought a cargo of sugar from Cuba about that time and landed at Frankfort. After we had broken out the cargo and the hands were clearing up the dunnage, they found a live alligator in the hold. After playing with it for a time, they roped it fast and dumped it over the rail. It was an ugly brute, about ten feet long when we let

stories about a big sea serpent in every village along the river. The people of Belfast were so worked up that men went out in longboats and hunted the bay as far as Castine for the beast. Later it was seen playing among the rocky islands off Isle au Haut, and the residents were so scared that a revenue cutter was sent down to hunt for the monster. Then it was off Southwest Harbor, on Mount Desert Island, playing pranks with the fishermen and scaring the women most to death.

"Those who saw the creature said it was from twelve to twenty feet long and had four legs, like a lizard, while its back was plated with big scales, which made it impervious to bullets. I made due allowance for an exaggerated size, due to imagination and fear on the part of those who saw the object, and came to the conclusion that the sea serpent in this case was the alligator that my schooner had brought from the West Indies.

"In the winter of 1841, when the old steamer Bangor went ashore on North Haven Island, there was a menagerie on its way four legs, like a lizard, while its back was

and, there was a menagerie on its way from St. John, N. B., to New York on board; and as most of the animals and two or three big South American snakes escaped, I am very certain that the sea serpent which was seen by the stone cutters in the waters off Vinalhaven, Hurricane and Dix islands

am ver certain that the sea serpent which was seen by the stone cutters in the waters off Vinalhaven, Hurricane and Dix islands in the summer of 1841 was a survivor of the disaster of that winter.

"This particular specimen was a very fast swimmer. It was able to outstrip the best sallboat in the fishing fleet. The men who tried to capture it told marvellous stories about the creature's size and feats of agility, but the Maine liquor law had not been adopted then and good Portocery stores for 3 cents a glass.

"The most exciting story about the sea serpent was told by the men who netted herrings near Easport during the Presidential contest between Buchanan and Frémont in 1856. After the gale of September, the men employed in the herring fleet saw a snake that was more than 200 feet long and as large around as a barred disporting itself in the rough, water off Treat's Island.

"Several of the witnesses were men of standing in the community, who were not given to exaggration; and for two weeks, while the gale lasted, that sea serpent just let itself out to terrorize the community.

"Whan the easterly gale had abated and the wind came off shore, more than thirty boats put out to elay the monster. They were one serify all day, At might they sailed back towing behind them Albert

SEA SERPENTS I HAVEN'T SEEN

A MAINE SKIPPER'S NOTIONS OF

THE TALES OF OTHER FOLK.

The Scaly Monster of Mt. Desert Waters
Which May Have Been Related to an Alligator Cap'n Herrick Lost—Real

MoFaul's line of herring buoys, which had gone adrift in the gale. MoFaul used yory deep nets, so the ordinary wooden buoys were unable to sustain the weight of the rigging attached to them, and the owner had substituted empty mackerel kits for solid wood. When those casks were strung out in line in a rough sea a man might take them for a sea serpent.

"I've cruised in sailing craft on the Maine coast for almost seventy years, sometimes making as many as ten voyages to Penobscot bay ports in a single year, and I've never seen a sea serpent or anything that looked like one."

ATHLETICS IN JAPAN.

Rowing and Yachting, and a Ball Game Between Japa and Foreigners.

These extracts from a letter from an American now in Japan show the sort of life that foreigners are living in the land of the Mikado in wartime:

YOROHAMA, June 15 .- You at home must regard my present location here near the apital of Japan as the ideal one for a letter spiration, the traveller who writes from here is up against something almost as discouraging-the task of selection. I cannot write you any more definite or accurate news of the war than you are probably getting in the papers; and as you most likely find that quite sufficiently tiresome, I shall content myself this time with giving you a few pointers on the way we amuse ourselves

content myself this time with giving you a few pointers on the way we amuse ourselves here.

While the war goes merrily on over there on the mainland—and you who watch from the other side of the globe may not realize that the "seat of war" is nearly a thousand miles from the Mikado's capital—the people at home are carrying on their usual business with very nearly the usual quiet and order. Of course there is an occasional outburst of enthusiasm, but the Japs have settled down to business in a very quiet and truly businesslike manner. And we of the foreign colony find time for our own amusements in our own way.

Outdoor sports are the thing now, and rowing, yachting and baseball occupy our spare moments. A few days ago the Yokohama Rowing Club held its annual spring regata. The weather was fine and the waters of the bay were dotted over with pleasure craft, native and foreign. A good sized crowd attended, with a fair sprinkling of women. There was music by a band, the races were hotly contested, and altogether it was a jolly and highly successful occasion.

There were aingle and double sculls and fours for the Europeans, a couple of yacht races and a contest for native crews. The great event oame in the second day of the regatta, when Yokohama rather easily beat the crews which had come up from Kobe for the inter-port races, which occasion considerable keen rivalry. That evening we of Yokohama entertained the visitors from Kobe and consoled them for the defeat we had administered earlier in the day, with a good dinner and a play at the public hall.

On Saturday there were some good yacht races; but the most interesting contest of the season was the baseball game between teams from the Tokio High Bchool and the Yokohama Club. The Westerners seemed to be baddy in need of practice, and while they made some good individual plays they had no team work; and the liftle Japs, who played a surprisingly clean, fast game, beat them by a score of 8to 0. Here is the line-up of the Tokio team—the names look queer enough, quit

LIIS LOST

OPPORTUNITY.

She Was Rich, She Was Fair; He Was in Love and Courageous: But-

From the German of Joseph Siklosy. On a beautiful autumn day I made a bicycle trip from Paris to Chartres, where I dismounted at the hotel. As I was very hungry and the clock had just struck 6, I at once directed my steps toward the dining room, the location of which was

known to me from earlier visits. I found the room better lighted than before, and flowers on the tables. But where were the guests? I took a seat and began to drum on the table with my knife and fork. A waiter who looked in at the door in response to the noise and whom I asked if dinner would not be served soon replied, in a tone almost of rebuke, "Very soon, sir."

Some ladies and gentlemen came in, conversing. To my surprise, they were all in evening dress. More and more of them came, until the room was quite full, but not one of them took a seat at the tables. sat there alone munching the roll which I found stuck in my napkin, in expectation of the soup. Nobody seemed to take any notice of me; but the waiter, who had come in again, seemed to be shocked by my conduct. I reflected that probably the new owner of the hotel had introduced new etiquette at the table d'hôte. It was not long before the host came up to me and asked: "Pardon me, sir, but are you one of the wedding guests?"

"Wedding guest-I? What do you mean? Oh, is there to be a wedding dinner?" "Yes, sir. I suppose you thought you were in the public dining room. This evening the table d'hôte is served in the

Prosper will show you the way." Laughing over my mistake, I rose and followed the waiter, but before I was out of the room I heard behind me a loud "Sir.

billiard room on account of the wedding.

I turned in the door. It was M. Beriot. father of the bride, who was calling me. He was standing by the bride and groom, who had just come in. The young couple were smiling at me, and M. Beriot called

keep your place at the table. Pray, do us the honor to dine with us. We have a vacant seat, for my friend Bidochard was obliged to leave before the dinner, and we shall be glad to have you take his place." I looked at the faces around me, and saw that I should be laughed at if I refused.

"I am to stay, then?" I asked hesitatingly. "Yes, stay, stay!" replied a chorus of voices, and all clapped their hands. A

"Yes, stay, stay!" replied a chorus of voices, and all clapped their hands. A vivacious woman came forward and shook my hand, saying, "How do you do, M. Bidochard?"

Under such circumstances I soon felt at home in the charming circle. I gave my card to M. Beriot, who introduced me with great ceremony. I was to sit beside his eister-in-law, a young widow, whom I had already noticed among the guests.

During the twenty or more courses I conversed diligently with my charming in ready courting her, and my chivairous speeches were not received with disfavor. What she seemed to appreciate especially in me was that she could talk with me about everything. Her favorite theme, however, was music. She was vividly interested in the fact that I knew frams I knew the seemed to could tell her everything to the could talk with me about everything. Her favorite theme, however, was music. She was vividly interested in the fact that I knew frams I knew frams

thing about his peculiarities and habits. She promised that if I should ever call on her when I happened to be in her city she would play a Hungarian rhapsody for me.

The next morning when I had sent for my wheel and was settling my bill a carriage drove up to the door. Soon the widow and a friend, whom I had also met the evening before, came down in travelling costume. I understood, from the way in which the friend looked at me, that I had been a subject of conversation between

in which the Iriend socked at me, that had been a subject of conversation between the two women. Returning my greeting, the lovely Mme. Beriot asked whither I was bound; and when I replied that I had no fixed destination, she suggested, blushing slightly, that I should go a little way with them on the road to Dreux, in order that they might see me on my wheel.

I assisted the two women into the carriage and accompanied them on my bloyde to Dreux. In spite of the dust which I was obliged to swallow, I felt proud and happy to play the cavalier to my lovely acquaintance. Of course, no conversation was possible on account of the rattling of the wheels. The widow talked exclusively with her friend, but often looked at me with an enchanting smile. From time to time she raised her voice to ask me if I did not wish to turn back, and when I declared that no power on earth could induce me

time she raised her voice to ask me if I did not wish to turn back, and when I declared that no power on earth could induce me to leave them until they had reached their destination she blushed and seemed pleased, which completely turned my head.

When we arrived at Dreux Mme. Beriot, of course, invited me to luncheon. Her friend was present at the meal, but left us afterward. Then, partly to start the conversation, partly because I really longed to hear her play, I reminded Mme. Beriot of her promise of the evening before. She at once declared herself ready to comply with my wish, and preceded me to the drawing room. Then she took pains to insure my comfort.

I was to sit in a large armchair, and when the coffee was brought she put it on a small table at my side. She remarked, smiling, that it was plainly written in my face how much I longed for a smoke, and brought me an expensive Havans. As she offered it to me with her beautiful, aristocratio fingers, I lost my head. I seized one of her hands and pressed a passionate king the played on for more than an hourselegan to play.

She played on for more than an hourselegan to play.

go, she gave me a light slap with the other, then, in confusion, she fied to the plane and began to play.

She played on for more than an hourplayed excellently, classic and modern compositions, and perhaps her own improvisations among them. My glance rested on her; sometimes I closed my eyes in the exctasy of listening to the music. I smoked my splendid cigar, while enchanting dreams of the future passed through my brain. Then something happened which I can never forget.

It is always my habit to lunch lightly. My new found friend, however, had set before me a rich repast, and, physically exhausted as I was, I went to sleep during a wonderfully soft planissimo. That is the awful truth.

When I again opened my eyes her place at the plane was empty, and I was alone in the room. My only thought was flight. My cap was in the hell, and my wheel was leaning against the stairs. At the speed with which I fied I could have won a race.

From the Providence Journal. Dubois was hearing one party was a well